And what may make him bluſh in being knowne,
Heele ſtop the courſe by which it might be knowne,
With hoſtile forces heele ore-ſpread the land,
And with the ſtint of warre will looke ſo huge,
Amazement ſhall driue courage from the ſtate:
Our men be vanquiſht, ere they doe reſiſt,
And ſubiects puniſh't that nere thought offence,
Which care of them, not pittie of my ſelfe,
Who once no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and ſoule to lanquiſh,
And puniſh that before that he would puniſh,

Enter all the Lords to Pericles.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your ſacred breaſt.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till you returne to vs peacefull and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They doe abuſe the King that flatter him,
For flatterie is the bellowes blowes vp ſinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a ſparke,
To which that ſparke giues heart, and ſtronger
Glowing, whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When *ſignior* ſooth here does proclaime peace,
Hee flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or ſtrike me if you pleaſe,
I can not be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs elſe: but let your cares ore-looke
What ſhipping, and what ladings in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs, *Hellicanus* thou haſt
Moou'd vs: what ſeeſt thou in our lookes?

Hel. An angrie brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be ſuch a dart in Princes frownes,
How durſt thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hel. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,

From

From whence they haue their nouriſhment?

Per. Thou knoweſt I haue power to take thy life from thee.

Hell. I haue ground the Axe my ſelfe,
Doe but you ſtrike the blowe.

Per. Riſe, prethee riſe, ſit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for't, and heauen forbid,
That Kings ſhould let their eares heare their faults hid.
Fit Counſellor, and ſeruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wiſedome makes a Prince thy ſeruant,
What wouldſt thou haue me doe?

Hell. To beare with patience ſuch griefes, as you your ſelfe doe lay vpon your ſelfe.

Per. Thou ſpeakeſt like a Phyſition *Hellicanus*,
That miniſters a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldſt tremble to receiue thy ſelfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
Where as thou know'ſt (againſt the face of death)
I ſought the purchaſe of a glorious beautie,
From whence an iſſue I might propigate
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to ſubiects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The reſt (harke in thine eare) as blacke as inceſt,
Which by my knowledge found, the ſinfull father
Seem'de not to ſtrike, but ſmooth: but thou knowſt this,
Tis time to feare, when Tyrants ſeeme to kiſſe.
Which feare ſo grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,
Who ſeem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was paſt, what might ſucceed;
I knew him tyrannous, and Tyrants feare
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter then the yeares:
And ſhould he doo't as no doubt he doth,
That I ſhould open to the liſtning ayre,
How many worthy Princes bloods were ſhed,
To keepe his bed of blackneſſe vnlayd ope,